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MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, April 2, 1752.

From the MUSEUM.

AN APOLOGY for SWEARING.

Being a Remonstrance of one of the Members of a cer-
tain SOCIETY near St. James's, against e-
recting a SWEARING BOX, and imposing a Penalty
upon OATHS.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH I may, perhaps, be as
great a Lover of Virtue and Good
Manners as the worthy Gentleman
who spoke last, and tho' I should be
very far from opposing any Thing
that might tend to the Reformation of our Man-
ners, or that would prevent any Indecency of Ex-
pression unbecoming the Members of this Society;
yet, to the Proposal that is now made of imposing
a Penalty upon us for Swearing, I cannot help mak-
ing a few Objections.

In the enacting of any new Laws, great Regard
should be had, not only to the Usefulness and Ex-
pediency of them, but to the Propriety or Impro-
priety of the Time in which they are introduced.
Now I will undertake to shew, that we live at a
Time in which it is impossible for a Man of Spirit
sometimes to forbear Swearing; nay, I shall go so
far as to assert, that a good and hearty Curse, on
many Occasions that happen in these our Days, is
almost a Virtue.

It is with great Regret, Gentlemen, that I pro-
ceed to give Instances of this strange Assertion:
But when we see the Great, the Nobles of our
Land, the Men of Birth and Fortune, who should
be the Patrons and Encouragers of Virtue, Know-
ledge, and every useful Art, to the Ruin of their
Characters, Fortunes, and Families, and to the ut-
ter Discouragement of Learning and every Kind of
Merit, neglecting all Authors but *Hoyle*, despising
all Study but the Rules of Whist; Who can help
SWEARING at the preposterous Patrons? Who can
help CURSING the pernicious Author? And who
will blame the Man that vents such honest Exe-
crations?

Do we not daily see a Set of Wretches (I am a
shamed to call them Countrymen) who, to the
manifest Ruin of our Trade, and consequently of
our Glory as a Nation, despite the bounteous Pro-
duce of their native Clime, disdain to receive
either Sufferance or Cloathing, unless from foreign
Productions? Nay, unable to meet with Vices
and Follies, low and ridiculous enough for their
Imitation, at home; do they not even travel a-
broad in Quest of them? And then triumphantly
returning, with their plain *English* Sense and Hu-
manity, polished and improved (as they would per-
suade us) into mere *French* Flutter and Complai-
sance, insult their Countrymen with a Behaviour so
utterly unworthy, so infinitely beneath the manly
Plainness, honest Freedom, and open Sincerity of
an *Englishman*, as renders them fit for nothing but
to be despised and laugh'd at, or kick'd out of
Company. And shall such insipid, such contempt-
ible Wretches, assume a Superiority from their im-
ported, vilely mimick'd, foreign, *French* Polite-
ness? 'Tis ridiculous!

We live in an Age, when it is become fash-
ionable for the greatest Men to take a Pride in the
meanest Actions, for the most Honourable to be
the most infamous; and for those, whose Birth and
Fortunes give them the glorious Privilege of re-
warding Merit or succouring Distress, to make a
scandalous Use of that very Privilege, to ruin Fa-
milies, to insult Mankind, to cheat the honest
Tradesman with Impunity, and to screen them-
selves from the Payment of their just and lawful
Debts. And is this a Time to lay a Penalty upon
us for SWEARING?

Do we not see a Pack of human Idiots (for it is
impossible to suppose them rational) who, possessed
of Health, Plenty, Honour, and Independence,
and without any Motive that one can dignify with
the Name of a Reason, but full of Ostentation, and

swelling with a foolish Pride, indulge themselves in
every idle Extravagance that Vanity, Luxury, and
intemperate Passions can suggest; 'til sickening,
dwindling, sinking by Degrees, their Health is in
the End destroy'd, their Fortunes ruin'd, their Ho-
nour corrupted, and their late boasted Indepen-
dence waiting on a Court, and cringing for a mere
Maintenance, a shameful Stipend, the Wages of
their Folly? And shall we not yet SWEAR?

Do we not daily hear of Admirals who are no
Sailors, and of Generals who are no Soldiers? Have
not our Fleets been baffled, our Armies de-
feated by Enemies whom we have heretofore de-
spised? Whence does all this proceed? Not from a
Want of able, brave, and honest Men; but from the
Absurdity, the Wickedness of those, who from
low, sinister, and self interested Views, prefer the
Worthless, Base, and Unservicing. Sure such as
this would move a Stoick's Wrath!

We live in a Community, which for the Justice
and Equality of its Laws, and the Safety and Se-
curity of the Lives and Properties of its Members,
is the Envy and Admiration of all *Europe*; yet, to
the Shame of our Government to the Scandal of
our Constitution, a Pack of lawless, arm'd, auda-
cious Ruffians, openly, in the Face of Day, and in
Defiance of the Magistrate, assist their Country's
Foes, infringe her sacred Laws, and maim or mur-
der all who care to oppose them. And shall we not
be allowed the Liberty even to curse them? God
forbid! Good Heaven confound 'em! For such
is the Infatuation, or such the Iniquity of those
who should, that hitherto they are unoppressed, if
not encouraged.

We live at a Time when bold Rebellion rages
in the Land.—Rebellion! against a Government
founded on the Principles of Liberty, and exercised
in the Spirit of it.—Rebellion! supported by the
Tyranny of *France*, our mortal Foe; incited by the
Bigotry and blind Superstition of *Rome*, our
Jest and Derision; yet abetted—by *Englishmen*
must I say? O Shame! by *Englishmen*. By Men,
who, born and nourish'd in the Land of Liberty,
yet act and live insensible to her Charms; who
strive not to involve their native Country in
Calamity and Confusion; nay, to entail on them-
selves and their wretched Posterity that ex reamest
of human Evils, complete Slavery: And all for
—what? For that Reproach to Reason, that
Scandal to Humanity, the mere Nonsense and
Wickedness of Jacobitism. NOT SWEAR! impos-
sible! he whole Indignation does not rise against
them is not an *Englishman*; who does not with all
his Might oppose them, is not a Lover of Liberty;
and every Honourer of Truth and Virtue, who
does not from his Soul abjure, detest, and scorn
them, is guilty at least of Immorality, if not Im-
piety.

To conclude therefore: As I look upon Gaming
to be one of the worst and most destructive of evil
Habits; as I despise the Meaner of the Great,
however magnificently adorn'd; as I hate all En-
couragers of, or Connivers at Smuggling; as I
scorn a Coward; as I have an utter Contempt for
all *Frenchified* Puppies; as I abominate Luxury and
Extravagance; as I abhor and detest all Abettors
of Superstition and Tyranny; and as I love to
vent my Indignation against these, and all such
monstrous Enormities, with the warm, the honest
Freedom of an *Englishman*, I shall undoubtedly
give my Vote against so improper, so unnecessary,
and so ill-timed a Restraint.

JURO.

On SELF-LOVE: A Fable.

WHEN I consider the natural Propensity of
human Nature to Good, I am often great-
ly surprized how the Power of Education is able to
subvert it; but it raises my Indignation, that Su-
perstition and idle Legends can cast such a Film o-
ver the intellectual Eye, as to render it in a great
Measure incapable of extending its View beyond

the little circumscribed Limits of what belongs
merely to Man. 'Tis this Counter Knowledge that
makes us by Degrees become selfish and unocial,
by conning the Design and Benevolence of Provi-
dence to a Part of the Universe, which, in Com-
parison to the whole System, is no more than a
single Grain of Sand to the Earth itself; for when
once we have begun to exclude our Part by Su-
periority from the rest, and to regard the other
Luminaries as existing only to serve ours, we pre-
sently proceed to bring the Thought nearer home,
by looking upon the Country we casually were
born in, then the Family we come from, and at
length, ourselves alone, as the principal Object of
divine Care. This is the Bane of all Morality,
and from this plentiful Source of Evils flow *Pride*,
Ill Nature, and that Parent of active Vices *Unchari-
tableness*. Contrary Thoughts therefore must be
productive of contrary Effects; and I dare say,
every one, who has experienced the Light of useful
Learning and true Religion, will agree with me,
that nothing tends more to better the Heart, as
well as enlarge the Understanding, than to carry
our Thoughts as far as we are able into Immensity,
and to meditate on the Attributes of the Deity,
from whom all *Wisdom proceeds*, and in whom it
ends; which will necessarily lead us to consider the
whole Solar System as no more than a single Atom
in Subjection to the universal Plan of divine Go-
vernment: What then is Man!—The *Arabian*,
who convey all their Learning, their moral
and religious Precepts, through Fables, relate the
following Story, as an instructive Lesson on this
Subject.

There lived in the Vale of *Koritz*, a Hermit
named *Akallab*, who by the Power of a Talisman
could convert any Animal whatsoever into another
of a different Species. His Life being as pure as
his Knowledge was extensive, he presently became
famous over the whole East, and all the Youth of
the adjacent Countries came to him for Instruction.
Among the rest, the Son of the King of *Thebet*
was placed by his Father, under the Tuition of this
celebrated Philosopher. *Monophaz*, for that was
the Name of the young Prince, was of a proud,
selfish, and cruel Disposition; he look'd upon the
other Nations of the Earth as tributary Vassals to
his Power, and upon his Father's Subjects as the
actual Slaves of his Pleasure. *Kalaphaz*, the good
old King, who tenderly loved his People as a Pa-
rent, would often lament within himself the terrible
Prospect they had before them, when he anticipa-
ted the Calamities that were likely to ensue after
his Death, under the Reign of his Successor; how-
ever, that nothing should be wanting to contribute
to their Welfare, or that of his own Son, he took
all the Methods possible to render the young Prince
more humane and tractable; but when nothing a-
vailed, he at last determined to send him as above-
mention'd, to the great Philosopher and Magician
Akallab. Accordingly when *Monophaz* arrived at
a little Village, where the Pupils of Distinction ge-
nerally resided, he sent to command the Preceptor
to come to him. *Akallab*, who both knew by his
Art, and was previously informed of the Temper
of his royal Disciple, told the Messenger, that tho'
his Birth and Fortune set a Distinction between the
rest of Mankind, yet Wisdom claimed a Superiori-
ty by Nature over all; and though the Prince of
Thebet had been accustomed to command the great
Ones of the Earth, it was now his Turn to obey
and attend the Will of his Master. As soon as
Monophaz received this Message, which breathed a
Spirit of Liberty and Philosophy, more than what
he had been used to, he was greatly enraged against
the Hermit, and repairing to his Cave with the
Servants that attended him, resolv'd to make the
good old Man fall a Victim to his Resentment.
Akallab being apprized of the young Prince's De-
sign, waited patiently for his coming; upon whose
Appearance with a drawn Sword in his Hand, he
touch'd the Talisman, and *Monophaz* was instantly
metamorphos'd into an Emmet. The Attendants,

upon